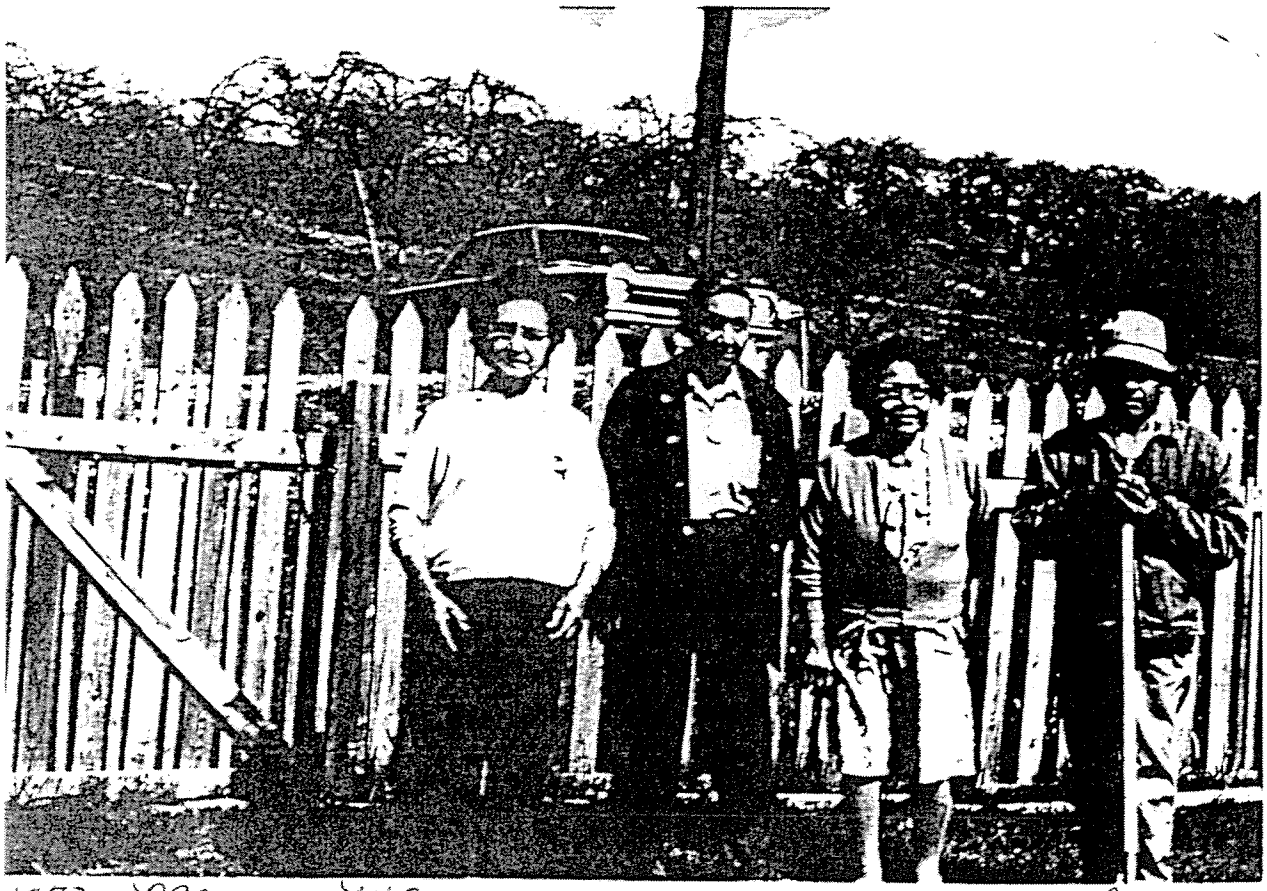
Lucy, Margaret, Agnes and Earl Wapato: The Younger Children of Peter and Yacine Wapato

By John V. Peters

2023

July 1957. Margaret Wapato picking Service Berries at Cottage Beach on "25 mile Creek Road near Kelly's Resort.

Margaret is using cedar root basket made by her mother, Hyacinth Wapa



1973. Manson, WA.
Margaret Wapato, Louie Wapato, Lucy (Wapato) Evans, Bobbie Evans.

About the Author

John V. Peters was born in Wenatchee in 1943 and grew up in Manson. He has a bachelor's degree in economics from Grove City College, PA and has taken some master's degree classes in history from Seattle University. He spent two years in the Army (8th Special Forces Group, Ft. Gulick, Panama), worked two years for Old National Bank in Pasco and Kennewick, WA, six years in the budget office of the Seattle School District and 20 years in the finance department of the Boeing Company in Seattle. Since returning to Manson, he has done extensive research into the Wapato Indians and the Moses allotments.

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Lucy, Margaret, Agnes, and Earl Wapato and Descendants

By John V. Peters

Some Background

The four youngest children of Peter and Yacine (Hyacinth) Wapato deserve to be examined together because these four were children when their mother died on June 28, 1912, according to her gravestone, at age 45. She was actually about 53 years old, as I explain in my essay on Yacine, but she was still rather young when she died. The circumstances and cause of Yacine's death are unrecorded. Neither her death nor her internment was noted in the local newspaper, The Chelan Leader. This itself was odd. Perhaps Peter Wapato had retreated into public invisibility after he and his two oldest sons were involved in the murder of Peter's oldest brother Charles on August 11, 1906. Or perhaps Peter's male-dominant personal philosophy reduced Yacine's death to less than a footnote. Eventually a large and handsome headstone was erected for Yacine in the Manson Indian cemetery. This stone commemorates not only Yacine but her daughter Nancy, who died 1896 at age 16 and her son Earl who died in 1912 at age two. Yacine's surviving children left no written statements about their mother's early passing or the impact it undoubtedly

had on the family. Nor did they record anything about Earl's death.

To set the stage of this traumatic event, let me give the ages of the family members living at the time. Peter was 58 years old. The oldest son, John Baptiste, was days short of his 31st birthday. John Baptiste was married to Theresa. They had a two year old daughter, Dorothy, and Theresa had just given birth or was about to give birth to a baby boy, John Alfred, who died the following year. Perhaps Theresa was able to step in to help look after Yacine's four young children, especially the two youngest, although if so, no record has been left of this. Theresa herself grew sick and died, probably of tuberculosis, on March 2, 1919, just seven years later at age 35. Yacine's next oldest boy, Louie, was 24 years old and was just finishing his freshman year of college at the University of Washington when his mother died. He would continue attending college until he graduated in law in 1916. The next oldest son, Edward, was 17 years old and was attending Chelan schools.

Lucy was 14 years old and Margaret was 12 years old. Agnes was four years old and Earl was three months short of being two years old and he died less than a year later on March 24, 1913. Following their mother's death the bulk of the domestic duties must have fallen on Lucy and Margaret—the cooking,

cleaning and caring for the two youngest children as well as looking after the domestic needs of their father.

Lucy and Margaret were interviewed by the Lake Chelan Museum director numerous times but they never spoke of their mother, her early death and the impacts that that event had on their lives. But surely this was a very significant event in their lives.

Lucy Wapato

Lucy was born on February 5, 1898.

The first documented notice of her comes in 1905 at age 7 when she is listed as a student in the Manson School District. Her obituary in the Chelan Valley Mirror on May 14, 1986 says "she attended schools at Manson & Chelan," but doesn't say whether she finished high school. We noted above that her mother, Yacine, died June 25, 1912, when Lucy was 14 years old.

Lucy's obituary says: "In 1915 she married William W Evans at Waterville, WA. & made their home at Manson where they owned and operated an orchard." William Evans' obituary of July 17, 1941 in the Chelan Valley Mirror, however, says "In 1914 he was married to Lucy Wapato." So, Lucy was 16 or 17 years old when she married William Evans. William was 23 or

24 when he married Lucy, a seven-year difference in their ages. William died early at 50 years of age in 1941 of a heart attack.

What we know of William Evans comes from his obituary of July 17, 1941 in the Chelan Valley Mirror.

Attack Fatal To Manson Man

Services For William Evans Held Today; Buried In Indian Cemetery

Funeral services for William Evans, 50, were held at his home at Manson this morning at 10:30 o'clock with Father Duffy of Wenatchee officiating. Rosery was Wednesday evening and burial took place in the Indian cemetery today with Higgins Undertaking company in charge.

William Mayes Evans was born July sixth, 1891, at Lockwood, Missouri, and died at his home Monday following a heart attack.

His younger years were spent as a druggist in Springfield, Missouri. He came to Chelan in 1911 and worked here several years.

In 1914 he was married to Lucy Wapato, daughter of Peter Wapato. To this union were born three boys: Earl C., who died in infancy, Robert and William, both living at home with their mother.

Besides his wife and sons, his mother, Mrs. Sam Cahill of Springfield, Missouri, his sister, Mrs. Chester Reith, of St. Louis, his niece, Margaret Evans, and nephew, Billy Stewart Bowmen of St. Louis survive him.

The date of birth of their first son who died is not known. Robert was born November 1, 1918, according to his obituary; Lucy would have been 19 years old at Robert's birth. William was born June 4, 1921, according to his obituary; Lucy was 23 years old at the time of William's birth.

I have found only four mentions of Lucy in the newspaper prior to her death in 1986 at the age of 88.

Chelan Valley Mirror, March 17, 1949

Manson News

Lucy Evans is a new member of the Grange.

Chelan Valley Mirror, August 29, 1957

Wapato Point is popular site

Campers' tents dot Wapato Point this summer making it gayer than it has been since the days of horse racing.

And at night there are bonfires, as city visitors circle driftwood flames.

Today Mrs. Lucy Evans will display her Indian costumes and handcraft at the Point pavilion. The showing will continue until after Labor Day.

Also present will be Mrs. John Bennett with her original shell craft dispay.

"One person tells another about the Point" says Mrs. Evans. Last week a Professor from the University of Washington was among the guests. This week a number of Boeing workers are camping there.

During Apple Cup Boat Races, Airmen from the Moses Lake Base were guests of the Evans and Wapato family.

Manson Garden Club members met at the Point for their annual picnic in June. Many other groups have enjoyed the view up lake and down this summer.

"There is a great deal of work still to be done" says Mrs. Evans. She, her sister, Miss Margaret Wapato, and sons, Bill and Bob Evans, have been steadily improving the site. They have cleared away enough of the driftwood (a garden clubber's dream) to make more beaches available. An 1000 gallon cistern has been installed and filled with chlorinated drinking water.

Other facilities are to be improved as soon as possible. This summer, campers have arrived in such numbers that just taking care of their immediate needs has been a rush job.

Wapato Point has come out of seclusion.

Chelan Valley Mirror, February 11, 1976

CELEBRATES 78th BIRTHDAY

By Sandy Miller

Lucy Evans celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday with a part at the home of Nila Koenig with Heddie Keeney as co-hostess. February 5, 1898, Lucy Wapato was born to Chief Peter Wapato and his wife who were among the first settlers in the Manson area.

Those present were Vera Ridout, and Elizabeth Clemens from Chelan. Opal Fort, Helen Louise England, Margaret Freer, Cleta Lillard, Jean Barkley, Mary Barkley, Barbara Walter, Vera Goss, Nancy Trent, Chad Clark and Lucy's sister, Margaret Wapato.

Chelan Valley Mirror, April 28, 1976

MANSON'S FIRST FAMILY HONORED

Lucy was honored along with other family members in the 1976 Manson Apple Blossom Festival as Grand Marshall. She was born in Manson, married & two sons, Robert & Bill.

Lucy Evans died on May 10, 1986. Her obituary was published in the Chelan Valley Mirror of May 14, 1986. Her middle initial W. stands for her proud maiden name of Wapato.

LUCY W. EVANS

Lucy W. Evans, 88, a pioneer resident of Manson died Saturday morning at the Colville Tribal Convalescent Center at Nespelem.

She was born Lucy Wapato, daughter of Peter and Hyacinth Wapato, on February 5, 1898, at Manson. She attended schools at Manson and Chelan. In 1915, she was married to William W. Evans, at Waterville. Following their marriage, they made their home at Manson where they owned and operated an orchard. Mrs. Evans had been seasonally employed in the fruit industry for many years, most recently with Trout, Inc.

She was a member of Colville Confederated Tribes; the Catholic Church; and the Manson Garden Club.

Survivors include a son, Bill Evans, of Manson; two grand-children and three great grand-children.

Mrs. Evans was preceded in death by her husband, in 1941, two sons, a sister and a brother.

Rosary will be recited Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. and Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated Thursday at 11 a.m. both from St. Francis Catholic Church. Rev. Gerald Corrigan will be the celebrant. Committal services and interment will follow at the Manson Tribal Cemetery.

Services are under the direction of Precht Rose Chapel.

Lucy and Bob Evans (1949)

Margaret, Lucy and Bob →

At this point I am going to continue with Peter Wapato's other children before returning to discuss Lucy Evans' two boys, Robert and William, and William's two daughters.

Margaret Wapato

"She was born May 19, 1900 and attended Falls View School, the first school in Manson School District #19, and later she attended public school in Chelan," her obituary tells us. In fact, most of the recorded information we have about Margaret comes from her obituary.

Chelan Valley Mirror, September 3, 1931

Invitations are being issued by the Alter Society of the St. Francis Mission for a combined card party and dance to be held at Wapato Point September 8th. The orchestra for the dance will be made up of Margaret Wapato, at the piano, Louie Wapato with the violin and Joe Sawaya at the drums.

Margaret's obituary tells us: "In the late 1930's she moved to the Midwest and subsequently lived with her sister, Agnes, before her [Agnes'] death in 1946." I managed to locate Margaret in 1940 using the Census of that year. She is listed as being 39 years old and born about 1901 in Washington State. She was residing at 918 Don Gasper Street in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She is listed as a servant in the household of L. A. Gillatt, 59. Other members of the household listed are Pearl G.

Gillatt, wife of L. A., 47, Eleanor Ann Gillatt, daughter, 21, and Benjain [Benjamin?] T. Gillatt, son, 18. I found the home using Google Earth and it is a rather large single-story home on spacious grounds. In 1940 Margaret's younger sister, Agnes, was teaching school in New Mexico, presumably in Santa Fe. Perhaps around October of 1945 Margaret moved in with her sister to care for her. Although I haven't found mention of the cause of Agnes' year-long sickness before her death on October 17, 1946, I imagine it was tuberculosis.

Continuing from Margaret's obituary following her death on June 12, 1982:

Margaret returned to Manson, living at home caring for her brother Louis and sister Lucy Evans. The three were grand parade marshals of the 1978 Manson Apple Blossom Festival.

She had always been a caricaturist, according to nephew Bill Evans, and for the past several years became very interested in painting as a hobby.

Margaret Wapato, 82, died of a heart attack Saturday, June 12, 1982.

She is survived by a brother, Louis Wapato, Manson, one sister, Lucy Evans of Manson and nephew Bill Evans. She was a member of the Colville Confederated Tribes and St. Francis Catholic Church.

Mass of Christian Burial will be Wednesday, June 16 at 11 a.m. at St. Francis Catholic Church. Interment will be in the Manson Tribal Cemetery. Arrangements by Precht Rose Chapel.

Wenatchee World, May 12, 1983

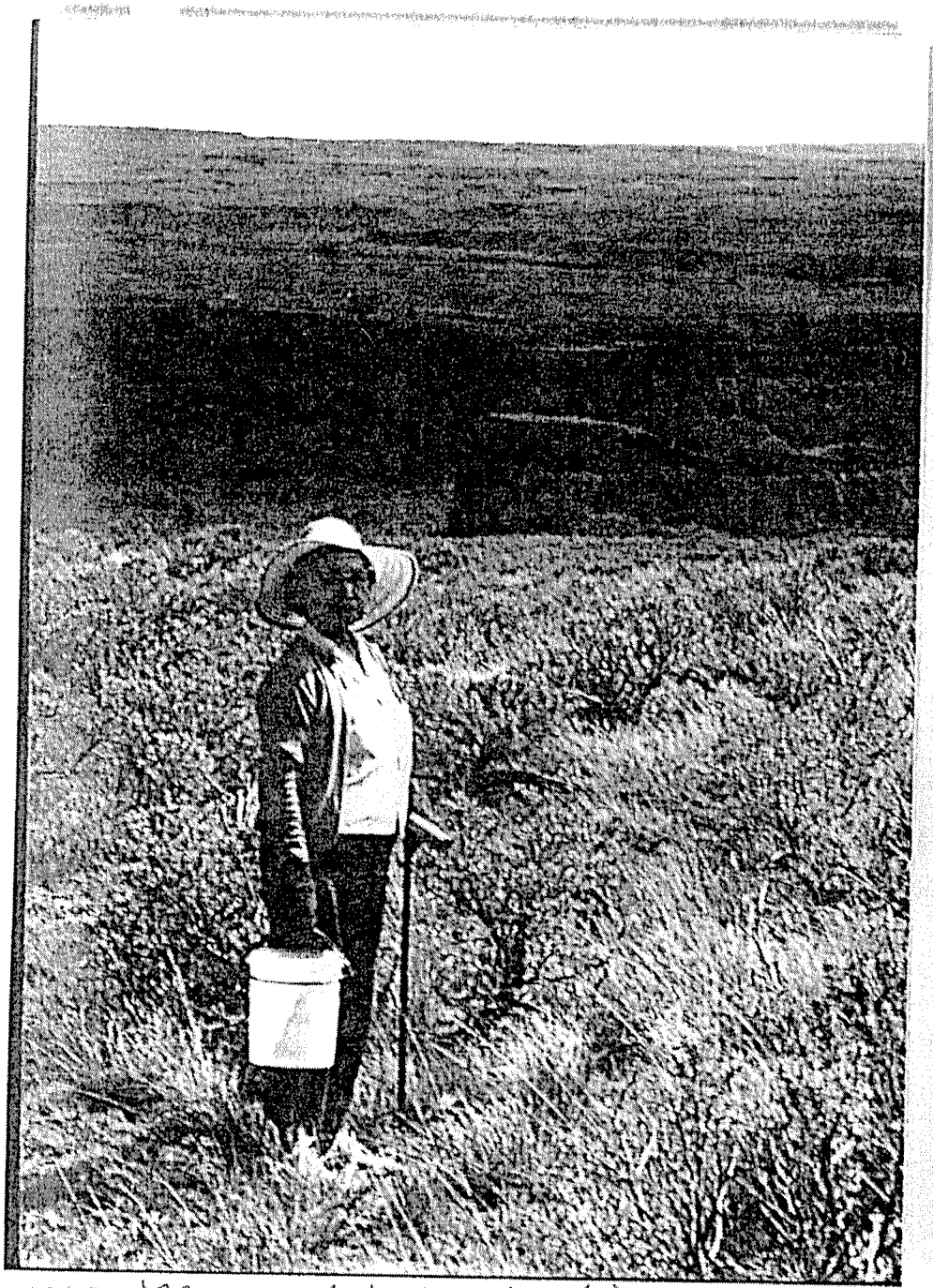
Margaret Wapato artwork displayed at Manson show

MANSON—Manson Gallery will have a special showing of the paintings of Margaret Wapato, opening Saturday to coincide with the annual Manson Apple Blossom Festival.

The paintings will be on display until June 1 to honor the memory of Ms. Wapato, who was born in Manson May 19, 1900, and died last June 12.

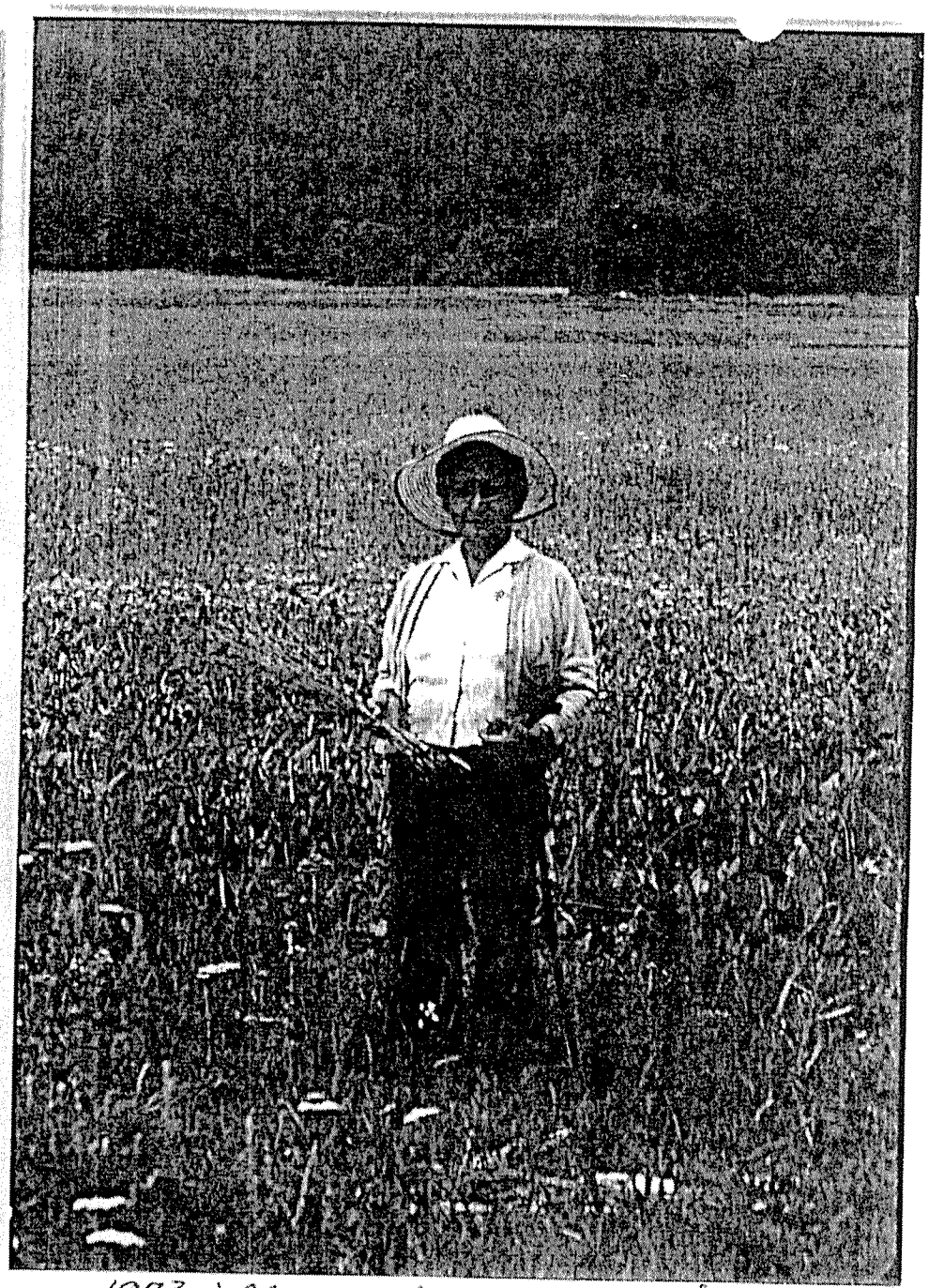
Ms. Wapato was the daughter of Peter and Hyacinth Wapato, members of the Wapato Indian family giving Wapato Point and Wapato Lake their names. She lived in Manson most of her life and was known and loved by many in the area.

Although she began painting only a few years before her death, Ms. Wapato's paintings showed a great sense of design and color. Her work expressed her love of the lakes and mountains which were her home, always endeavoring to see and paint the endless variety of color in nature.



1973 Margaret Wapato digging camas root. Hwy #2 Big Bend country. Columbia Plateau.

by Vera Rideout



1973. Margaret Wapato wild carrot digging. Camas Land near Leavenworth, WA.

by Vera Rideout

Agnes Wapato

Agnes Wapato was born April 16, 1908 at Manson. Like her older sister, Margaret, there is little in the public record about Agnes. Even her obituary, following her early death on October 17, 1946 at the age of 38, is brief. We know she was only four years old when her mother, Hyacinth, died on June 28, 1912. She grew up without a mother and was presumably raised by her older sisters, Lucy and Margaret. Lucy was just fourteen years old and Margaret was twelve when their mother died. None of them left any record of this traumatic event and its aftermath for their lives.

In Agnes' obituary of October 24, 1946 in the Chelan Valley Mirror, this is all we are told this about her life.

Miss Wapato spent her early life in Chelan, later moving to Kansas where she was graduated from the Haskell high school and the University of Kansas. She taught school in New Mexico for five years and the past five years worked in an art shop in Santa Fe.

Perhaps she attended Chelan elementary schools. We don't know how she came to leave the area and travel all the way to Kansas to attend the Haskell Institute located in Lawrence, Kansas.

The National Park Service Survey of Historic Sites and Buildings online gives the following description.

Established in 1884 as the Indian Training School, Haskell Institute was one of the nonreservation Indian schools modeled after the Carlisle Indian School, Pa. [which Agnes' oldest brother John Baptiste attended for a year and a half when he was a young man], *and within a few years attained an importance second only to it. Of all the nonreservation schools set up in the late 19th century, when many reformers believed that Indian education should be provided at off-reservation boarding schools removed from the pervasive influence and restrictions of reservation life, Haskell is one of the few surviving today.*

The Institute opened in 1884 with only 22 pupils, but by the end of the second year enrollment numbered 220 from 31 tribes. In the early years the educational program stressed vocational training and elementary education, for many of the students had to be taught to speak, read, and write English. By 1906, however, when enrollment numbered 921 from 60 tribes, emphasis had begun to shift toward academic training. Although agriculture, handicrafts, and home economics continued to be taught, the curriculum came more and more to resemble that of standard elementary and junior high schools. Later the program was broadened to equal a standard high

school course. In 1931 enrollment reached a peak of 1,240. In 1965 the school ended its academic program, created new curricula and facilities, and became the first Indian school offering vocational and technical training exclusively at the postsecondary level.

Administered by the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, Haskell Institute today resembles a typical small American college.

Chelan Valley Mirror, September 11, 1930

Agnes Wapato, who is attending Kansas University, arrived home Wednesday, having been called home because of the death of her niece Dorothy.

Dorothy was the daughter of John Baptiste Wapato and had recently graduated from Manson High School.

Lawrence Daily Journal-World, March 31, 1934

Design Students Enter International Contest

Six advanced students in the University department of design sent entries this week for the emblem competition of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs, which is offering a prize for the design which will best exemplify the organization. The design is to be one that would be suitable for use in all countries in which the club has members, and which could be enlarged for use on posters, on

letter heads, or rings, or badges. The contest is open to advanced students of art in twenty-two countries.

The designs made by K. U. students under the direction of Miss Rosemary Ketcham, were all in gold, combined with one other color, mostly blue.

Those who submitted entries in the contest were: Miss Harriet Daniels, Mrs. Mildred Koch, Miss Mildred Swain, Mrs. Katherine Steven, Miss Gladys Myers and Miss Agnes Wapato.

K. U. is the abbreviation for the University of Kansas.

Lawrence Journal-World, June 9, 1934

Classes in Design Department Display Work of the Past Year

The work of Agnes Wapato, a former student at Haskell, is characterized by a strong feeling for color and for the symbolism expressed in her designs, which are quite different from those of her classmates.

These references along with information given in Agnes' obituary allow us to lay out an approximate timeline of her life. Born in 1908 in Manson, Washington, Agnes seems to have gone to Chelan grade schools until leaving for Haskell in Lawrence, Kansas and completing her high school requirements, probably in 1930 at 22 years of age. She then began college at the University of Kansas in Lawrence in the Fall of 1930 and graduated in art in 1934 at the age of 26. She then

taught school, apparently in Santa Fe, New Mexico for five years, from 1934 to 1940. Then she worked in an art shop in Santa Fe for the next five years, from 1940 to 1945, when she became sick, probably with tuberculosis. From sometime in 1945 until Agnes' death on October 17, 1946 her sister Margaret lived with her and looked after her.

Agnes' obituary, Chelan Valley Mirror, October 24, 1946, tells us:

The body of Agnes Wapato, 38, who died in Santa Fe, New Mexico, October 17, after a year's illness, was received by the Smith funeral home Tuesday.

Graveside services were held Wednesday at 2 p.m. at the Indian cemetery in Manson.

Surviving are: her father, Pete Wapato, Sr., of Manson; two sisters, Mrs. Lucy Evans of Chelan and Margaret Wapato of Manson; three brothers, John, Louie and Edward Wapato, all of Manson.

One of Agnes' drawings is on display at the Lake Chelan Museum.

Earl Alexander Wapato

Hyacinth and Peter Wapato had one more child, born September 10, 1910. His mother, Hyacinth, died June 28, 1912, when Earl was less than two years old. And nine months later,

on March 24, 1913, Earl Alexander died. There was no obituary and the cause of death, like that of his mother Hyacinth, is not known. Hyacinth's gravestone says he died at two years of age.

Returning now to complete Lucy Wapato Evans' line, I begin with her oldest son.

Robert Evans

Robert Evans was born on November 1, 1918 in Chelan.

The Chelan Leader of October 9, 1924 reported:

Little Bobbie Evans is a very sick boy. He has the infantile paralysis. We all hope for the best.

Bobbie Evans was not quite six years old at this time and he developed one short leg from the disease. He wore a special raised shoe and walked with a limp for the rest of his life.

But Bobbie Evans would go on to become an accomplished pianist. An early Manson pioneer, Ben Martin, in an interview with Eva Anderson published in the Wenatchee World paper on July 28, 1944, described how his wife brought young Bobbie into the field of music.

A city girl and former pipe organ player in a big Minneapolis church, Mrs. Martin tried to adapt herself to pioneer life. For over 40 years she gave piano, violin and guitar lessons. Among

her pupils—from the time he was 4 until 17—was Bobbie Evans, rated at the University of Washington as a musical genius.

Chelan Valley Mirror, June 30, 1932

Bobby Evans, age 12, young Indian pianist extraordinary, in company with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Manson, and Benton M. Bangs, president of the Lake Chelan chamber of commerce, were in Spokane Tuesday where Master Bobby Evans appeared in recital before the Spokane chamber of commerce.

Master Evans made a hit with Jim Ford, secretary of the Spokane chamber of commerce, when the latter was here and addressed a meeting at Manson, at which meeting Bobby played. Mr. Ford planned at the time to have Bobby play at Spokane at some future date.

His efforts at Spokane were well received and the lad received much praise and encouragement.

Chelan Valley Mirror, July 23, 1936

Seattle C. of C. Lauds Indian Boy [now 17 years old]

The following letter was received this week by the Lake Chelan chamber of commerce from Ray Dumett, chairman of the members' council committee:

Seattle Chamber of Commerce

Seattle, Washington

July 18, 1936

O. T. Clawson, President

Chelan Chamber of Commerce

Chelan, Washington

Dear Mr. Clawson:

On behalf of the members' council executive committee of this chamber, I want you to know that the portion of our members' council program last Friday arranged by H. L. Moremen, received considerable praise from all sources.

The audience was very much impressed with the Chelan song, its rendition and especially the finished talent of Chief Wapato. This youngster will go a long way towards fame in the field of music. It was a a real pleasure to have had him with us on that occasion.

Cordially yours,

Ray Dumett

Chairman member.

This is conclusive evidence that Bobbie Evans, or Chief Wapato as he was known to the Seattle audience, has a talent that should be exploited, Moremen believes.

Chelan Valley Mirror, September 17, 1936

Manson News

Mr. and Mrs. Evans and son Bobbie motored to Seattle over the week-end. Bobbie Evans registered for the fall term. He will be a freshman.

But it would be nearly ten years before he graduated in the Spring of 1945. He was out of school frequently to help with his parents' apple orchard, especially after his father's early death in 1941. However, he continued to give public piano performances throughout this period. He was 26 years old when he finally graduated from the University of Washington.

Chelan Valley Mirror, December 23, 1937

Manson Items

Those home for the Christmas holidays are George McCloud and Dorothy Reaugh from the state college at Pullman and George Wall and Bobbie Evans from the University of Washington.

Bobbie was in the middle of his sophomore year at this time.

During his time back in Manson, Bob and his younger brother Bill were interested in boat racing. Two photos from this time show Bob with the boat and the other shows the two them with their racing boat.

Chelan Valley Mirror, March 11, 1943

Bob Evans Plays For Service Clubs

Bob Evans, talented Indian pianist of Manson, entertained members of Chelan's three service clubs Tuesday noon with several piano selections.

Bob, who is considered one the finest pianists in the Northwest, played three encores and wound up the program playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," a number the audience requests nearly every time he appears on the program.

Chelan Valley Mirror, April 19, 1945

ROBERT EVANS GIVES SENIOR RECITAL

Robert Evans, son of Mrs. W. F. Evans of Manson is now attending his final quarter at the University of Washington, at the conclusion of which he will receive his Bachelor's degree. He has majored in music and on April 17 gave his Senior recital.

Bob has been a musician most of his life. Beginning early, he took his musical training under the tutorship of the pioneer musician, Mrs. Ben Martin, who was a neighbor of the Evans family. Bob's mother is also a musician of some ability. He attended the Chelan schools and was graduated from the high school where he was prominent in musical activities.

He has given generously of his time and ability in his contributions at community gatherings of all kinds, at all times.

After graduating from high school Robert enrolled at the University, where he has also been prominent in musical circles. His advancement has not been easy for, after the death of his father, he had to give up his studies several times to help with the work on the family's orchard tract. He will receive his A.B. at the end of this quarter.

The following newspaper article, probably from the Wenatchee Daily World of May 18, 1945, describes the reception given to Bob's University of Washington senior recital of April 17, 1945.

SENIOR RECITAL OF ROBT. EVANS WELL RECEIVED

Packed House Heard Program Of Varied Selections Displaying Wide Range Of Ability

Robert Evans' many Chelan friends will be pleased to hear the "Reviewers" comments made on his Senior recital, when he was presented by the University of Washington School of Music, in the Henry Art gallery in Seattle.

Bobbie, as he is known here, has always shown an unusual ability in music and has majored in that subject as a student at the University of Washington. He is finishing his last quarter there, when he will receive his degree.

The Seattle paper said, "Robert Evans' recital was admiringly heard by as many of his audience as could find standing room in the Henry Art gallery. His program of varied selections offered opportunity for displaying his wide range of [ability]. [Here there is a break in the column of copied article. The next section seems to describe a specific piece of music Robert played, with the first words identifying the piece missing.]

[The musical piece] "*was woven in and out of repeated emphasis by the left hand. Runs of intricate composition abide, especially in the second part, and though played with thunderous volume and passion, they retain that remarkable gentleness of touch possessed by the pianist.*

"Other Selections

"His program also included Liszt's Mephisto Waltz, "Sarabande" by Zipoli, and three sonatas by Dominico Scarlatti.

"Evans played two encores, "The Waters of Minnetonka," by Lieurance, and "Spanish Dance," by Enrique Grandos. He is a pupil of Berthe Poncy Jacobson and was presented in his senior recital by the school of music."

His program follows: Zipoli, Sarabande. Scarlatti, Sonatas C Major, D. Minor and G Major; Beethoven, Sonata (Appassionata) Op. 57, Allegro assai, Andante con moto, Allegro ma non troppo; Chopin, Beceuse in D flat; Chopin, Etude in F

Minor Op. 25, No. 2; Chopin, Etude in G-sharp Minor Op. 25 [obscured]; *Chopin, Grande Polonaise* [remainder missing].

Chelan Valley Mirror, April 28, 1949

Evans Concert Is Successful Event

Approximately three hundred people attended the concert featuring the music of Bobby Evans given by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the grade school auditorium last Monday night. The ladies of the auxiliary wish to thank all the people who attended the concert and the reception that followed.

Bobby has several more concerts scheduled and is expected to leave on a regular tour in the near future. In Monday night's concert Bobby featured the music of Frederic Chopin. That his music was well received is self evident since the listeners kept calling him back for encore after encore until he finally gave in and offered them a stirring rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Two photos taken at the time of this event are included.

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Wenatchee Daily World, May 1957

BOBBIE EVANS RETURNS TO CHELAN FOLLOWING COUNTRY-WIDE TOUR

Bobbie Evans returned to Chelan Tuesday evening following a three month's tour about the United States playing before school assemblies. He estimated upon his return that he had played for 130 programs, fifty minutes long, and sometimes as many as four and five a day. He traveled approximately 25,000 miles by car.

He worked for two different groups, National Assemblies, which has headquarters in Los Angeles and Bennett's Bureau with headquarters in Evanston, Illinois. He emphasized this week that his performance wasn't exactly a concert but was more on a chattauqua order. He was pianist with two trombone and one trumpet player.

Enroute home he stopped over in Spokane Saturday and Sunday to shoot in the State Small Bore Rifle Tournament where he place one-third in the Dewar match, a traditional match. He placed fifth in the grand aggregate in sharp shooters class. With a note of chagrin he admitted that had he been just a little better he could have been reclassified in the expert class. He stated that shooting was next in his ambition to being a pianist and that to keep in trim for the matches, it requires just as much practice!

While in Spokane he played for the Spokane Valley Kiwanis Club at a dinner meeting of members and their wives. This service club and the Spokane Rifle and Pistol Club presented him with the finest telescope sight that Lyman makes.

Mr. Evans expects to make other concert appearances this summer and the offer to travel again next year is open to him by both bureaus that he's been playing for.

His group received stellar rating from both bureaus. The rating is given to only a few and is based on audience reception and program presentation.

For awhile at least he will be at his Manson home, but he won't be resting. When he isn't practicing either the piano or his shooting, he has his hobby of photography. His colored slides of wild flowers, wild animals and scenic shots of this area are sought after entertainment by service clubs and other groups.

Photography is his hobby, he emphasized this week. "I keep adding to my collection but I don't work at it like the piano or shooting," he laughed.

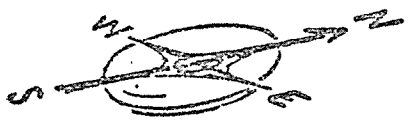
Bobbie died suddenly of a heart attack on Saturday, April 13, 1974 as age 55.

Bob's obituary of April 17, 1974 in the Chelan Valley Mirror states:

He attended schools in Manson and later at Chelan where he was graduated from Chelan High School in 1936. Mr. Evans attended the University of Washington and was graduated with a degree in music. Following his graduation, he toured as a concert pianist throughout Eastern and Western Canada and later through Northeastern Mexico. About 1960 he returned to Manson where he has since made his home.

"He was a member of the Catholic Church; the National Rifle Association; and the Fishing Club of America," states his obituary. He was given a Catholic service and burial at the Manson Indian cemetery. My father, Modest Peters, was one of six casket bearers at his internment. Bobbie was a Peters family friend. My father obtained a tape recording of Bobbie's piano playing, which I have since converted to compact disk format. It probably is one of the few surviving recordings of Bobbie's unique talents as a musician and includes some brief remarks by Bobbie and my father while the recorder is being set up. One can also hear Bob's niece Nancy in the background calling her son Johnny Jones to the table for breakfast. A copy of this CD is on file with the Lake Chelan Museum.

Following is a photo of Bob among other Rotary Club members, perhaps around 1960. I have also included two letters that Bob wrote to my sister Barbara, which show his whimsical and humorous personality. My sister was a life-long pen-pal letter



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RT. 1. BOX 517
MANSON, WASHINGTON, U.S.A., 98831

4 NOV 73

Hi BARB

Greetings. This has indeed been a foul day. AND I haven't had any chance to go Bird hunting with Modest either. I decided that any fool fowl that would foul up a foul day like this fool found out this day was going to be like - was too fouled up a fowl for this fool to be fumbling around trying to fool-a-fowl. Well I'm lost. Are you still here, there.? What started out to be a level headed normal conversationally simple Hello, slipped up a shoddy way.

I'm starting over. Hello. Hope you like your new home, place and where abouts. Sounds real nice. As you well know. It started snowing yesterday in the evening. Got worse. And now there are several inches abounding all around the place. I haven't even found my boots. It did quit for a while and then a little while ago it started again -- in earnest. Pouring. AND there you are practically in a Banana Belt. Temperatures probably up in the 30's , etc. Not too wet excepting when it pours. I remember one time when it fogged about eight inches piled up on the ground. Then when the fog melted it ran off just like water or rain. It was different. We used to carry around a yellow line with us in the car, get it out, lay it down, and find the middle of the road. Never did figure out just how to keep it there after I got back in my Flying Tin. Oh ? The Flying Tin? It was my 29 Model A. The fenders flapped up and down sorta like a bird - so it was dubbed "the Flying Tin" by some of my lesser friends. The moreer friends understood. Hay that word back there was MORE-er. meaning MOREER. It still doesn't look like anything at all. Looks more like a word I tried to conjure up and failed. Any way it means more than more in a progressing state.

I took this letter to a French teacher and all they would say is "Beaucoup des Fautes". So I grabbed, I snatched it back from them. It's actually this Swiss typewriter that has a pretty difficult time getting the right translations in place. The Ads said it was a superior machine. I had an old L C Smith that could outspell the heck out of this thing. But then the Smith couldn't some times write in German. I guess it all works out. Do you speak German.?

Numero deuce.

And as you had probably already noticed -- this superior machine also comes with a built in ball point pen correction device that I can use after I sever the paper from the machine. The ball point correction device stands in a sort of holder on the desk right juxtaposition to the machine.

Hay - I'm going to change the conversaehe. I had the feeling it was trying to get out of hand. We went down in the basin and got potatoes, carrots, peas, etc., and sick. Modest is OK. But me. I. You see it's this way. I have this normally dormant and at other times violent Hay Fever situation. So when I was strolling through the Sage - Kinda like out west. Strolling through the sage, I felt this burning feeling every time I took a breath. The other guys even said "Boy that Sage is strong". I agreed through tears. Soon I had difficulty talking. Or rather making a coherant conversation. Course I've been accused of that many, many times even without the influence or rather being under the influence of Sage. I've decided to call the area "four sages" after another well known brands-name of stuff. Any how after two days of trying to see, breathe and stop sneezing, I finally made it in to see Fisher. You talk about help! You talk about re-assurance! You talk about helping my non-peace of mine! He said,"Well we'll try this. And -- I guess if that doesn't do the job, then come back in a week or two and if you don't get any better, then we can try something else." So I paid him with a check on a non-existing account and I'll tell them -- Just send it back if it doesn't do the job after a few weeks then and maybe we can try something else.

Wow. I've been rambling through the maze of keys. Guess I haven't said anything so I think I should taper of this drip of trivia drivil and get ready to go back to what I was doing when I sat me down and wrote you a - "letter". Hope you are still there. It ends soon. I was practicing. The Piano. I took a course, a Corespondence course in Piano Playing Around. Because People used to laugh at me when I sat down to play. AND. AND now. They don't know what I'm doing so at least they don't laugh any more. I have been learning capi! two pieces. Both By Debussy. One was ARABESQUE and the other Noctourne. Guess thats why they don't laugh anymore. They can't tell when I make a mistake. And to keep from showing their ignorance of claiming a mistake, when maybe there was or wasn't one, they leave me alone. NOW.

So long for now. The ordeal is over. Over and Out. Have a nice time.

13 NOV 73

Hi :

On this day the postman knocked. I sorta looked around and then he knocked again. That is to say - he knocked twice. I heard that someplace sometime once and I thought I'd just sorta slip it in. Somebody might think I had read something once. Actually I saw it on a stamp ad. He left this envelope. It felt a bit light although it was colored. I opened it and to much my shook -- nothing. You see it was a non-letter, which was from a travelling teacher, and which said it wasn't an answer. Pretty good reading of non-answers of non-letters - eh?ØØ?/ Sorry about that slip there (on the end of that line). This foreign writer -- "type" type -- sometimes carries right on even though I've already left the platform. It has gotten this habit from me I guess. I was run out of town the other day. You see - I had gotten up on this ØØZ ØIZ ØZZDUZ. How do you spell a soap box named DUZ? Any how I was ranting and raving on the political issues of the day. Even though I am no longer in town -- I still maintain that the Government has taken too much of the heat out of Presto Logs. Your Dad sided with Weyerhauser. He said, "Those people at Weyerhauser have been out in the woods". (I don't think I should have been run out of town. Walk -- OK -- but not run). I think I'll slip back in town. I have a few last chips to chop in. This thing has not been settled. The homes are getting so cold and clammy now that even the electricity won't run in. My Electricity is now piled up outside my door. Hay -- I fail to see what all this has to do with cold Presto Logs.

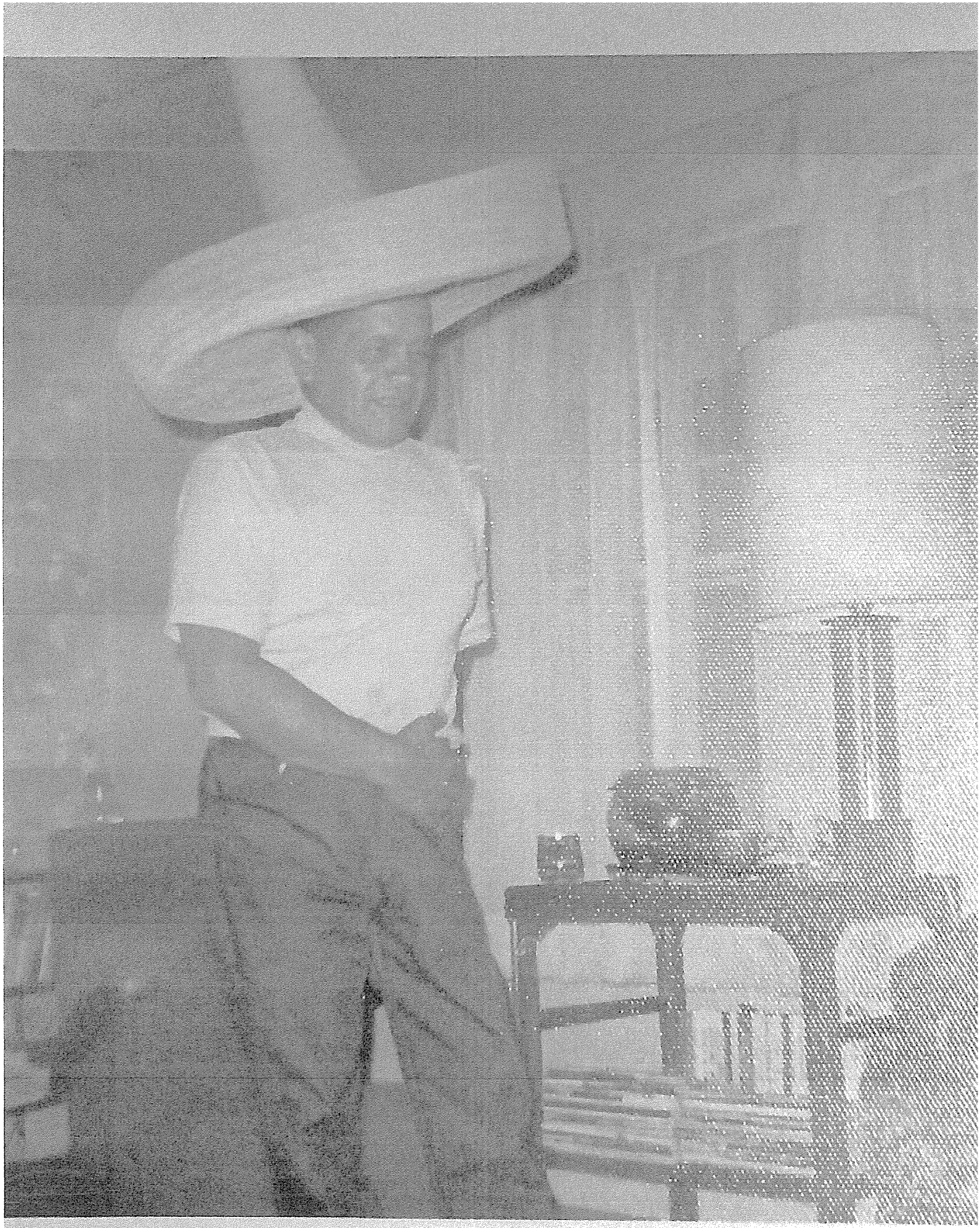
Is it true that your Dad dropped a jug of cider on the sidewalk? And that it didn't break? He said, "It's hard, Boys." Anyhow it sometimes looks like the clientele of the Drift In and Stegger Out has now moved up street several doors. A cop drug in and jumped him about a liscense. He quipped, "I don't need a liscense. It's home-made". Well I found out that it was all a mistake. My Mistake. It was only his coffee - which he had run through again. Seems he ran short of coffee so we got the re-runs. He cited the fuel shortage. He says, "We'er not getting all the good". He got a goose. A big Honker. He and several others were over in the Big Bend someplace. He was telling me about eating it yesterday. He now refuses to go goose hunting again. And then he turned back to his sewing. It was a funny sew. But he liked it. He was sewing.

It was interesting to hear about your travels. How did the Boondoggle do when you hit Cashmeer? Where's ~~Kent~~ Kent? Hope you can make it home safely for Thanksgiving holiday. I think it would be nice for you to just simply sit down, eat, and rest yourself, By Gosh. You probably won't even have to grade somebody's papers -- at least for a day or two. You may not even have to argue with anybody. Modest says he is going to have possum for dinner. I don't think I'm going to belive him. Sometimes I think he throws out these diversions and then it's a while later that people realize that he was kidding.

This is friday night and I'm listening to the game between Wenatchee and Evergreen. I'm not listening to police calls or fire calls or any of the other troubles of the world. I've got enough of my own. The transmission of one of my cars is blowed. Igot it out and about ready to put back in. The trouble-some thing about the whole thing is -- it's the car that was headed towards town. So since it won't run - than I haven't been able to go to town lately. The back-up cars were all headed out towards the sticks. The boondocks. The tules. There being nothing out there I just haven't needed to go out there. I guess Modest and I are going phesant hunting tomorrow -- saturday -- for a few hours. He says he has to be back about noon. To meet the people hesays. "There might be a live one stroll in". "He might even have some Moola". He quoted me an old line the other day. "Things are real, real bad. Even those dead-beats that don't pay me -- are'nt buying." Well he awarded me quite a number of good-deed points yesterday. What did we do? We just simply hauled most of the leaves that your mother had raked. And just barely before a real hard wind came up. And then it rained real hard. So he feels pretty good about getting that little chore done. We used my cut-off pickup. The one that looks like somebody took a dull scissors to the top. The one the Cop hauled me over and said, "Bob, you've got to liscense this thing as a pickup. That's what ¢¢¢¢/¢¢¢¢/¢¢¢¢/¢¢¢¢ (whoops I hit the repeat button accidentally) (it's a manual machine too) (but foreign -- as I've said before).. you've made it into. I countered, "Oh No. Not at all. It's just a big convertible." So he says, "just sign here". So I had to go get pick-up liscense. ?
Works pretty good but it sure is cold on the back of my neck. The heater keeps the front OK, but, I have trouble turning around to warm and still keep driving. I tried even turning the car around real quick but it didn't do a bit of good. I happened to glance up there about 5 lines and there is a big blank space. Did you notice it? I did. So I put a question mark up there to indicate that I ¢¢¢¢ don't know how come its blank. Got any ideas? Maybe my mind went blank! Some time if I send a letter with a whole page blank - think nothing of it I guess. I just had a big blank. That will be my excuse.

Well now after nearly two weeks, most of the hay-fever attack has gone. I can now say that I can see clear out as far as my eyelids. Yep! I was stuffing dimes in a lousy juke box inna lowly dive out on the other side of Yuma someplace. Gotta go now. Gotta get with it.

Down and out



writer from the time she was a teenager. She got to know Bob well during her summers spent at Manson during her 30 years of teaching elementary school in Auburn, Washington and kept up a correspondence with him. I've included a humorous photo of Bob wearing an enormous Mexican hat that my sister Barbara brought back from a summer in Guadalajara, Mexico. Bob also wrote a number of short poems which were transcribed from his handwriting by Lucille Hubbard, eventually given to my sister Barbara and then given to me. Unfortunately, I have misplaced them.

<u>William Evans</u>

William, Bobby's younger brother and second surviving son of William Mayes and Lucy (Wapato) Evans, was born June 4, 1921. He came to be known familiarly as Bill Evans. Most of what we know of Bill's life is drawn from his obituary following his death at 82 years of age on September 11, 2003. Bill "died Thursday evening, September 11, 2003, at Harborview Medical Center" in Seattle. Bill had been undergoing dialysis for some time due to failing kidneys. Apparently a worsening of his condition led to his being sent to Harborview Medical Center.

After attending grade school at Manson, he was graduated from Chelan High School in 1938. He then attended Kinman Business School in Spokane and later a trade school in Seattle.

For a few years, he resided in Southwest Oregon where he was employed in the plywood industry.

On June 17, 1950, he was married to Lucille Heyen at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

In early 1952, the family returned to Manson. For several years, he was employed in the family orchard and later operated the Shell gas station at Manson in 1957 and 1958. From 1958 until 1962, he was employed in the construction of Rocky Reach Dam and also was employed at Wanapum Dam from 1973 until 1975. In between he operated a backhoe service. In 1976, he started the development at Wapato Point, and following the death of his aunt, Margaret Wapato, he became the sole owner of Wapato Point. In 1984, he started the development of Mill Bay R. V. Park at Manson.

We might pause here to clarify how he became the sole owner of Wapato Point or allotment MA-10, which began as a Moses Allotment given to Bill's grandfather, Peter Wapato. Peter Wapato had a number of children, only two of whom ever married and had children. Peter's oldest son, John Baptiste, did marry and had several children of his own. But John Baptiste's wife died young and when John Baptiste himself died in early 1949 the only surviving child was his son Peter. Old Peter died in October 1949. Young Peter died in 1955. This left Louis, old Peter's second son, Lucy and Margaret as the only remaining

heirs to old Peter's allotment MA-10. Margaret never married nor had children. Lucy's husband died young of a heart attack. Lucy's first son, Bobby, also died relatively young of a heart attack in 1974. Bill's aunt Margaret died in 1982. Louis died in 1983 at age 95. Bill's mother Lucy died in 1986. This left Bill as the sole heir to old Peter's Moses allotment MA-10.

The Mill Bay R. V. Park at Manson that Bill developed sits on what was originally Wapato John's Moses Allotment. When Wapato John died in 1911, the ownership of his allotment began to be spread among his heirs, including five children and his wife. Over time, as these heirs died, the number of heirs grew and grew as more and more grandchildren inherited. Individual shares of ownership tended to grow smaller and smaller. Bill eventually inherited his grandfather, Peter's, share of ownership. Bill set up a corporation called Wapato Heritage LLC and negotiated a 25-year lease agreement with the other owners of the Allotment to allow him, through Wapato Heritage LLC, to develop what remained of the Wapato John Moses Allotment, MA-8. Bill arranged for the Colville Tribes to set up a casino on a portion of the property and developed an Recreational Vehicle Park on the waterfront portion of the property.

Later, problems developed over Bill's effort to extend the lease for an additional 25 years. The sub-lease with the Colville

Tribes, and the sub-leases Bill drew up with purchasers of rights to lots in the R. V. Park, all began to unravel after Bill's death in 2003. This story is too complicated to deal with here, except to say that Wapato Heritage LLC lost the lease to develop the property, the R. V. Park purchasers' leases were ruled invalid after which they sued in Federal Court, and that lawsuit has, over several years, morphed into a challenge to the trust status of all of the Moses Allotments, including Wapato John's, throwing the question of the legality of the Colville casino on the property in question. I have written up this story separately as part of the history of the Moses allotments, as it involves a lot of court documents and complicated legal maneuvering.

Bill's wife, Lucille, died at age 89 on October 15, 2002, about eleven months before Bill himself died. She was born February 6, 1913 at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. In 1927 she married Edward Heyen with whom she had three boys and one girl. Only two of the boys were still living at her death. She and Bill Evans, married on June 17, 1950 and had two daughters, Nancy (b. 1948) and Sandra (b. 1953). Sandra graduated from Manson High School in 1971.

Nancy married and had three sons. Sandra did not marry, has no children and lives in England. Following Bill's death on September 11, 2003, a legal wrangle over his will's handling of his interest in the trust properties MA-8 and MA-10 ensued.

Nancy died in 2004 during this period. An agreement was concluded between Sandra and Nancy's three sons and heirs and approved by the Colville Tribal Court and by the U. S. Federal Court. Sandra was to receive all income previously due to Bill Wapato from the Wapato Point development for the rest of her life, except for 35% of the income for the first five years, which was to be paid to Wapato Heritage LLC. Nancy's three sons received complete ownership of Wapato Heritage LLC along with the five-year 35% payout from Wapato Point income and Wapato Heritage will receive all the Wapato Point income after Sandra's death.

Bill's will, as revised and approved by both Colville Tribal and U.S. Federal Courts, includes the provision that his interest in the MA-8 and MA-10 properties will pass to the Colville Tribes Reservation upon the death of five named grandchildren.

Bill Evans, this year's 'Western Jubilee' PWRA Rodeo Grand Marshall, rode tall in the saddle as he help other riders welcome rodeo fans to the Chelan Rustler arena. Bill also rode in the parade and had a great time. July 26, 1995